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TUNES TO HYMNS

IN

THE RIVULET

Rev. T. T. Lynch.

M
2136
.L8
1872

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TUNES TO HYMNS

IN

"THE RIVULET"

COMPOSED BY THE LATE

REV. T. T. LYNCH

EDITED BY

THOMAS PETTIT, A.R.A.M.

STRAHAN & CO., PUBLISHERS
56 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON
1872

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JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

M
2136
.L8
1872

INTRODUCTION.

THESE twenty-five tunes are selected from a number of others left by Mr Lynch, and were intended by him for publication two years ago (as will be seen by the following Preface, found among his papers); but ill health prevented the fulfilment of his intention.

It is hoped that they will prove as interesting to the general public as to the members of his congregation.

T. P.

September, 1871.

PREFACE.

I HAVE studied Mr Lynch's hymns with much care, and am sure that he cannot be more desirous to find for them fit musical expression than I have been. If the members of the Mornington congregation will do me the honour to examine these tunes I shall be pleased: if they like them, still more pleased. But I must admit that I shall never be a person of much note, or of many notes, in the musical world. My occupations are meditative rather than musical, and yet music helps me.

Any one crossing Oldpath Meadows, towards Newlight Opening, may notice, just by the turnstile, a cottage facing south. That is mine. And if you should see a half-elderly gentleman leaning over the garden gate, do not think if he is 'beating' time with his fingers he is therefore wasting it. Some verse that he cares for is setting itself to music in his mind, as he watches the play of light and shadow on the hills and over the country. This person, busy thus whilst resting from other work, is the composer of these tunes.

THEODORE BURKESON.

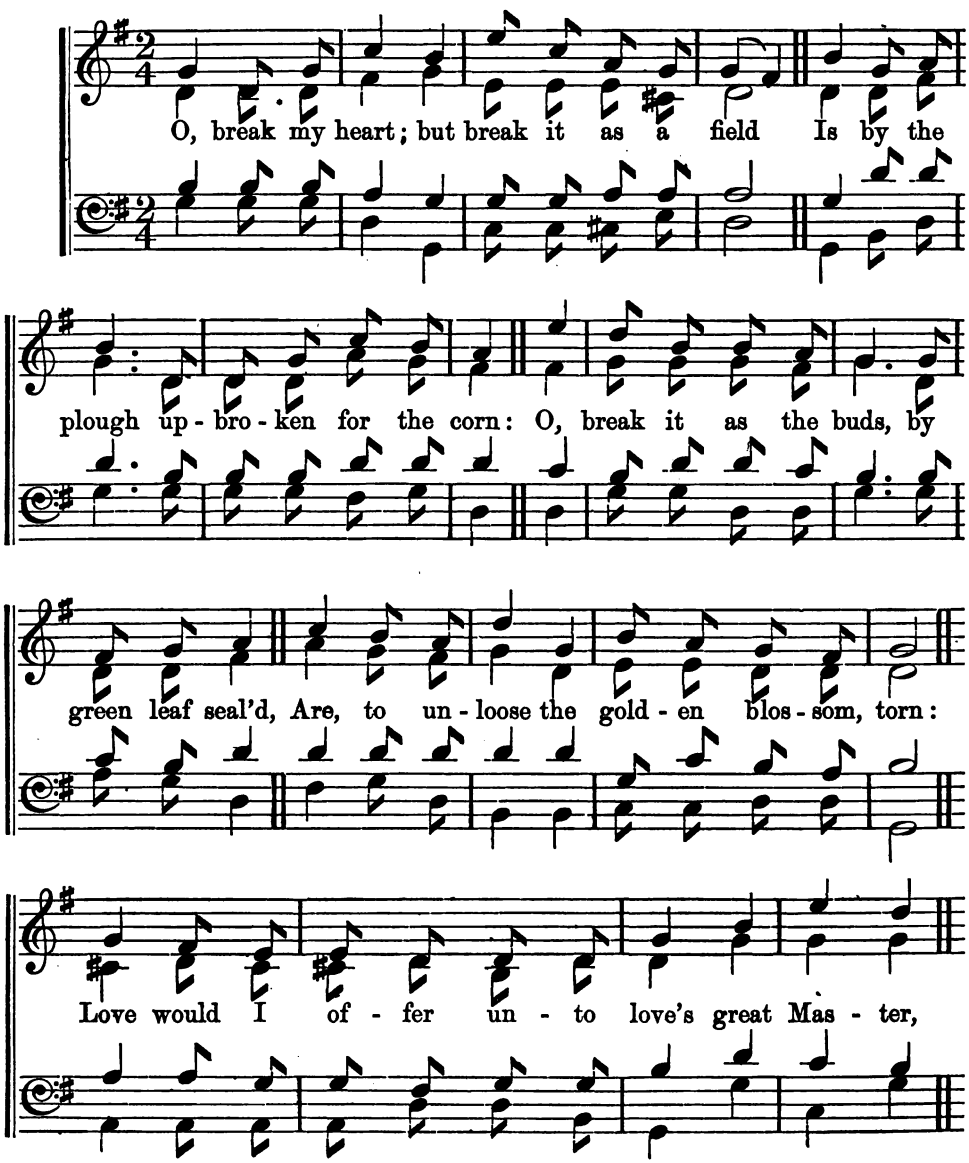
Brookside Cottage,
April, 1869.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

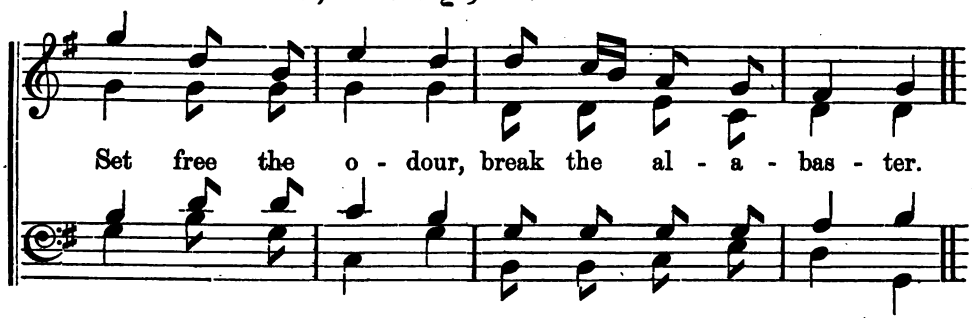
	Metre.	Page
"A bubble I would be," says one	8s, six lines . .	48
A mighty wind arose in air	8.6. 8.6. 11.11 . .	34
Another day may bring another mind	10s, four lines . .	20
Arise, sad heart, arise in haste	C. M. D.	30
Creator, lover of the whole	8.8.8.4	46
Give Him brain and breast (3 Tunes)	5s, four lines . .	36
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me	7s, six lines . .	10
Lift up your heads, rejoice	6s, eight lines . .	50
Mountains by the darkness hidden (Tune 1) . .	8.7. 8.7. 4.7 . .	12
Mountains by the darkness hidden (Tune 2) . .	8.7. 8.7. 4.7 . .	14
My soul, humility her fears have taught her . .	11.11.11 . .	42
O, break my heart; but break it as a field . .	10.10. 10.10. 11.11	6
O hand, O breath divine	S. M. D.	32
O, were I ever what I am sometimes	10.10. 10.10. 11.11	16
One says, "The glow of life is over"	9.6, eight lines . .	8
The Lord is rich and merciful	C. M. D.	44
There is purpose in this waste	7s, four lines . .	28
The world was dark with care and woe	8.6.8.4	22
We come, but not with sighs alone (Tune 1) . .	10s, four lines . .	38
We come, but not with sighs alone (Tune 2) . .	10s, four lines . .	40
What! is this the only rest?	7s, four lines . .	24
Who will roll away the stone?	7s, four lines . .	26
With feet of burning brass	6s, six lines . .	18

HYMN 8.

"O, break my heart."



"O, break my heart."—*Continued.*

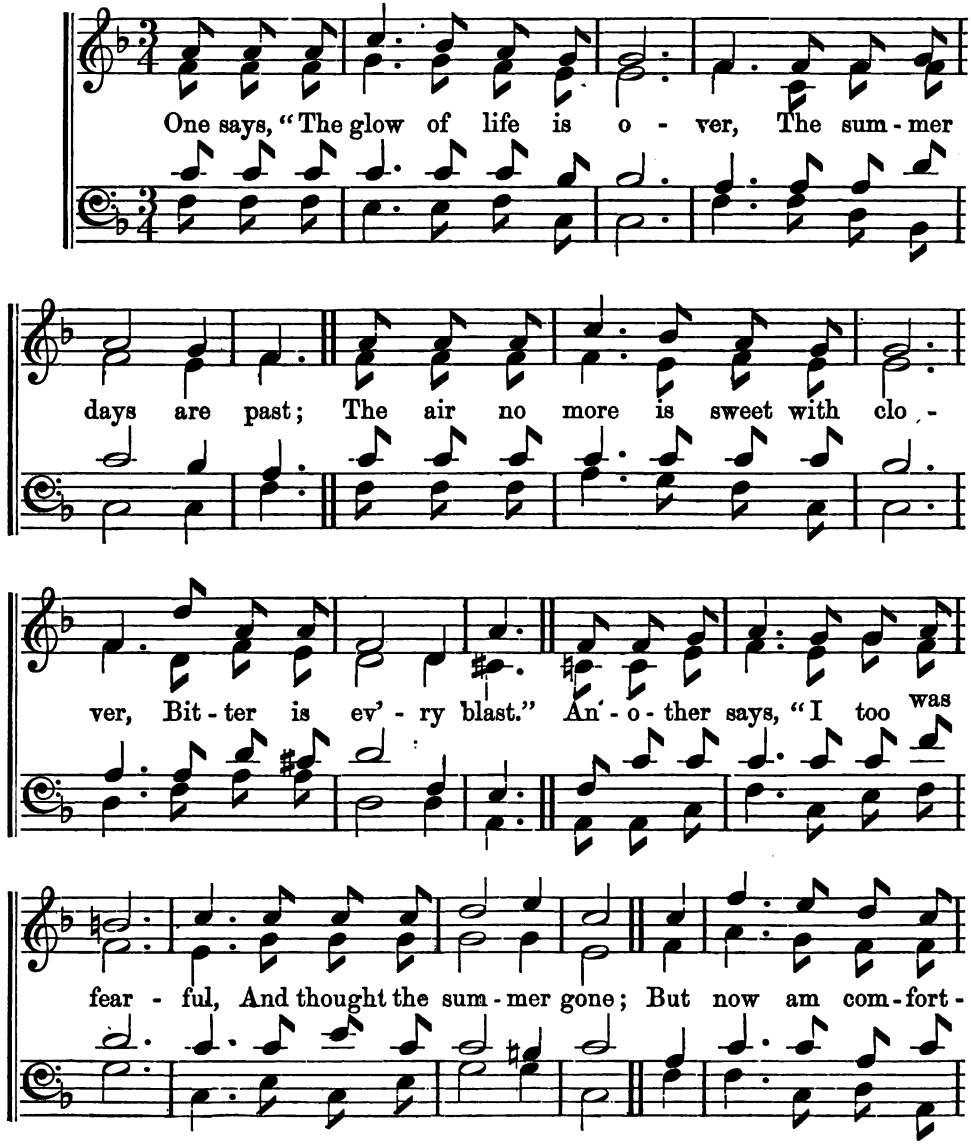


II.

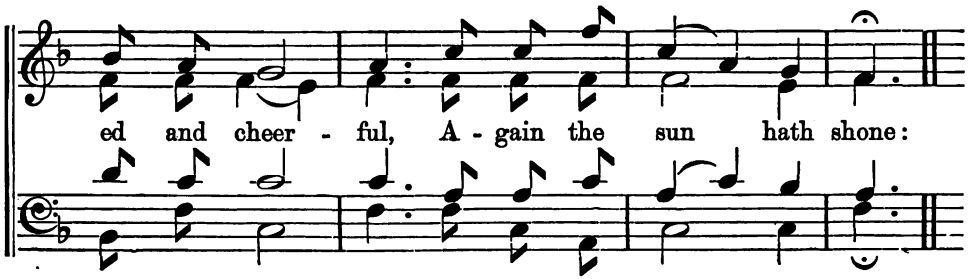
O, break my heart ; break it, victorious God,
That life's eternal well may flash abroad :
O, let it break as when the captive trees,
Breaking cold bonds, regain their liberties :
And as thought's sacred grove to life is springing,
Be joys, like birds, their hope thy victory singing.

HYMN 29.

"The glow of life is over."



"The glow of life is over."—*Continued.*



II.

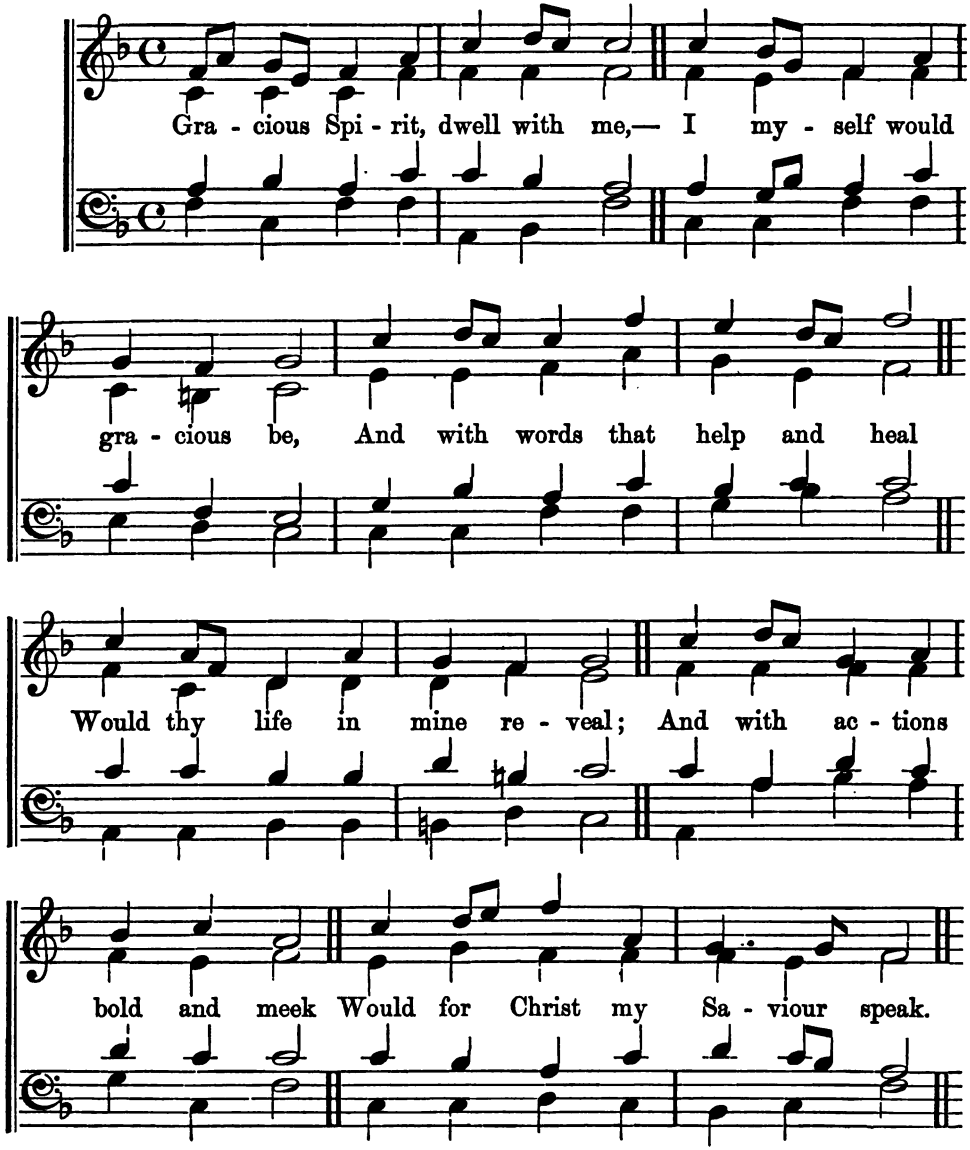
The sun hath shone, and now is shining,
And, O, the subtle air—
A solace and a spur combining—
With marvellous repair
Rebuilds my heart, that time had wasted,
And all my hopes re-swell,
As if, when God began, He hasted
To make our sickness well."

III.

O, though for us is no returning
Upon our former track,
The hopes for which our heart is yearning,
Are ever coming back:
Deep inward thrills break up inaction,
And power we regain,
When by our Maker's benefaction
Comes sunshine after rain.

HYMN 56.

"Gracious Spirit, dwell with me."



II.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would truthful be;
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

III.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

IV.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

V.

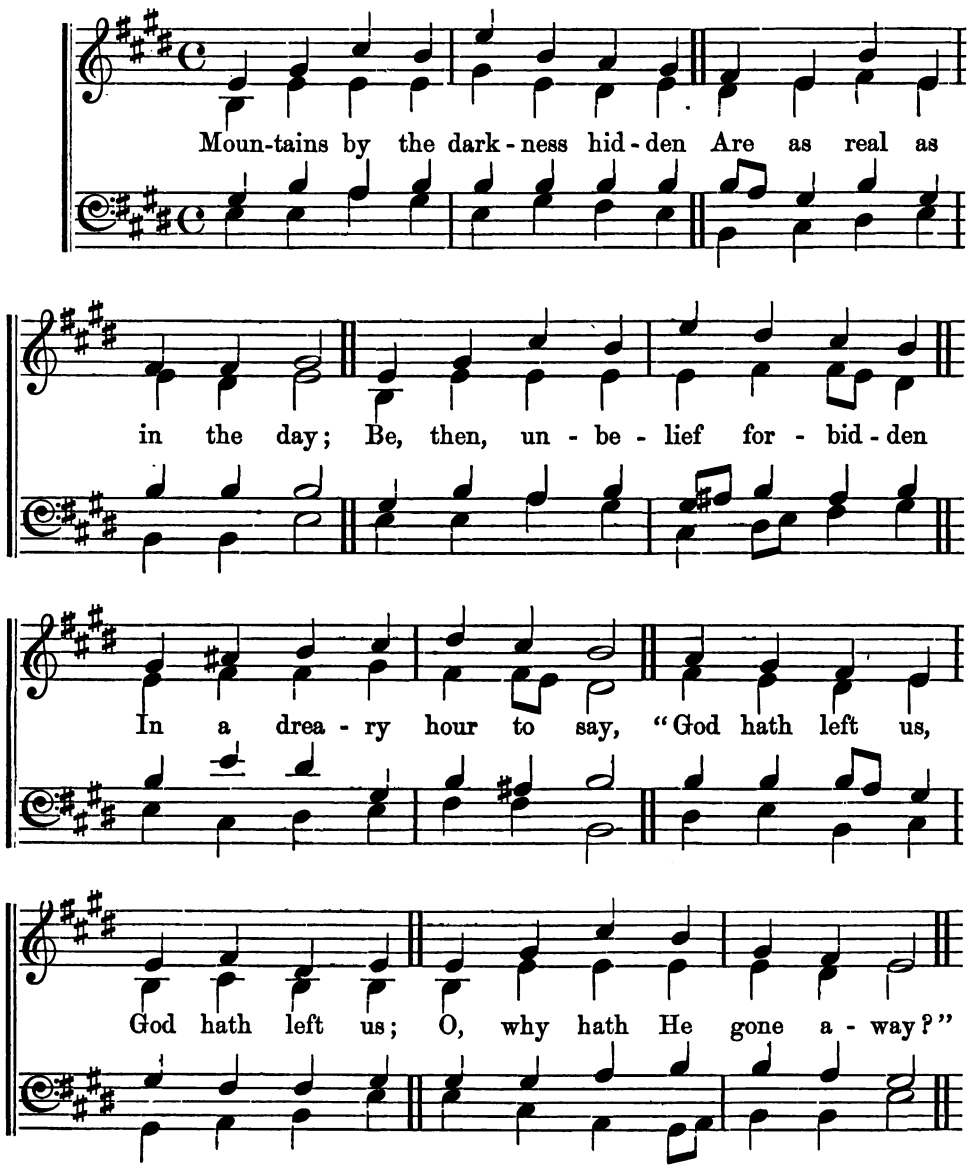
Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

VI.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

HYMN 92.

"Mountains by the darkness hidden."—(Tune 1.)



II.

When He folds the cloud about Him,
  Firm within it stands his throne;
Wherefore should his children doubt Him,
  Those to whom his love is known?
God is with us, God is with us;
  We are never left alone.

III.

Travellers at night, by fleeing,
  Cannot run into the day:
God can lead the blind and seeing;
  On Him wait, and for Him stay:
Be not fearful, be not fearful;
  They who cannot sing can pray.

IV.

O, the bright and vast creation
  Can be terrible and stern,
From its stroke be no salvation,
  Though on every side we turn:
Lord of nature, Lord of nature,
  Then to Thee our spirits yearn.

V.

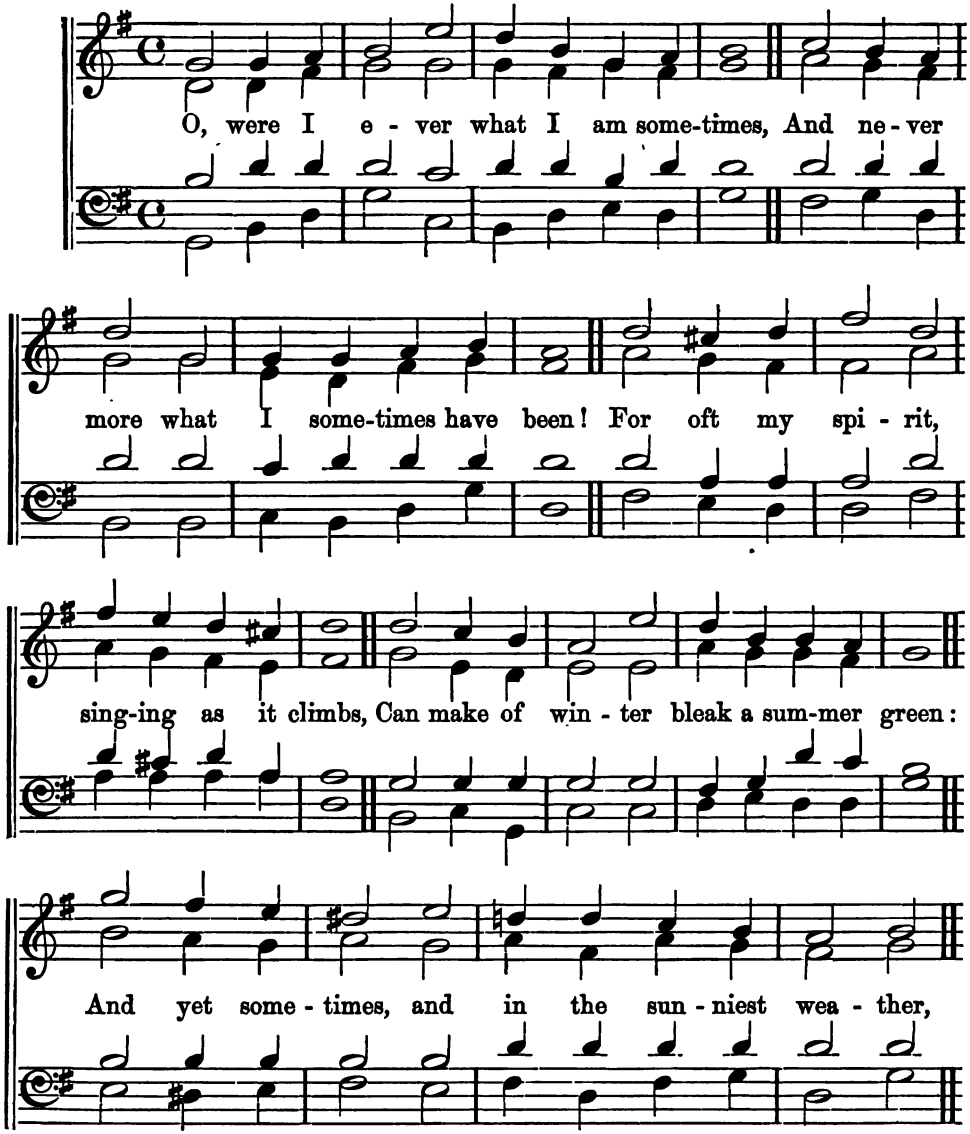
Calm and blest is our composure
  When the secret is possest,
That our God in full disclosure
  Hath to us his heart exprest;
Thou, O Saviour, Thou, O Saviour,
  Hast been given to give us rest.

VI.

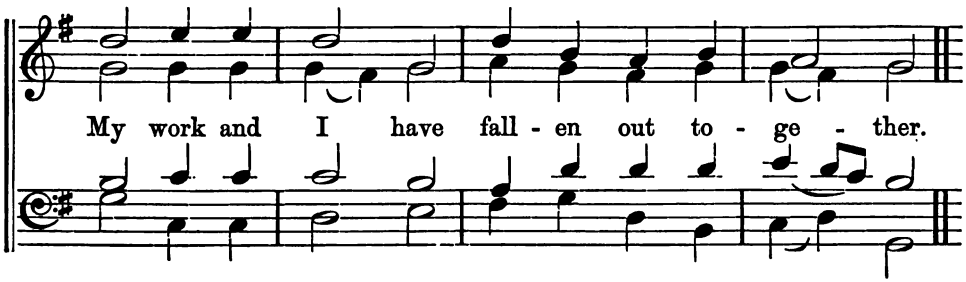
Space and time, O Lord, that show Thee
  Oft in power veiling good,
Are too vast for us to know Thee
  As our trembling spirits would;
But in Jesus, yes, in Jesus,
  Father, Thou art understood.

HYMN 96.

"O, were I ever what I am sometimes."



"O, were I ever what I am sometimes."—*Continued.*



II.

Now, earth seems drossy, heaven the land of gold;
Anon, heaven fabulous, substantial earth;
And sometimes in my God I can be bold,
And say, "What hopes are mine in right of birth!"
And yet sometimes at former faith I wonder,
And fears I once defied I now sink under.

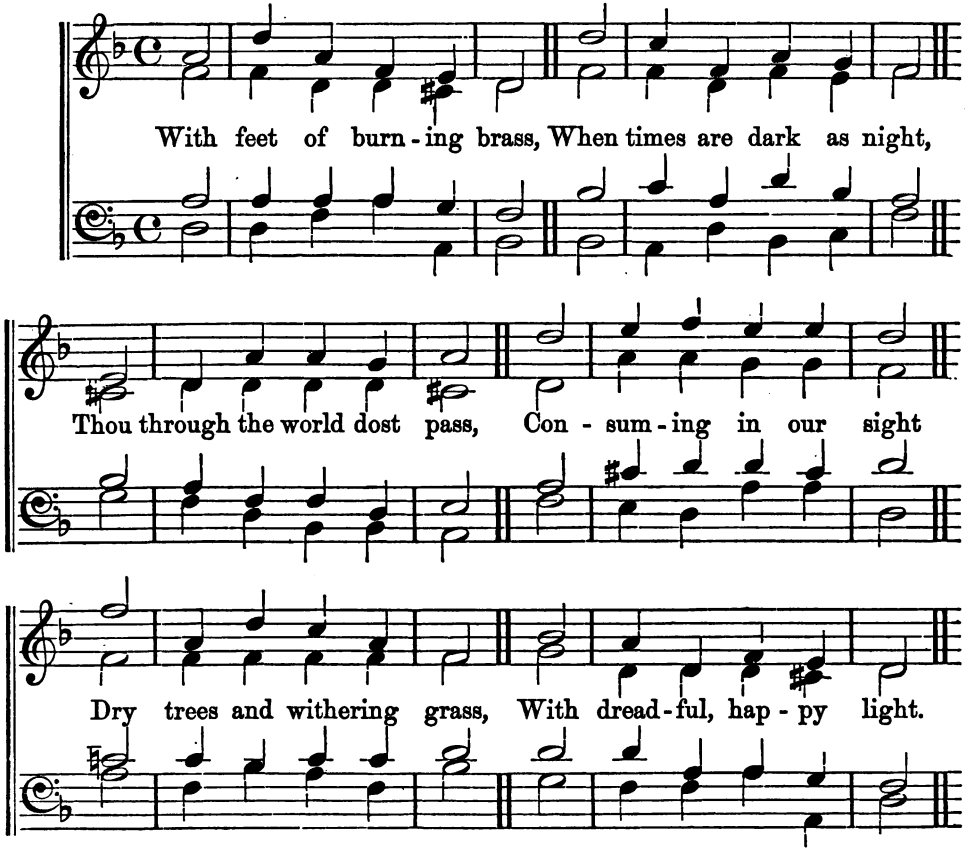
III.

Lord, rid me of this natural waywardness,
Unworthy one who is a child of thine;
Calm let me be when rudest winds distress,
Nor lose occasion if the day be fine;
But, faithful to the light of sacred reason,
One heart be mine in every changing season.

HYMN 103.

"With feet of burning brass."

VERSES 1, 2.



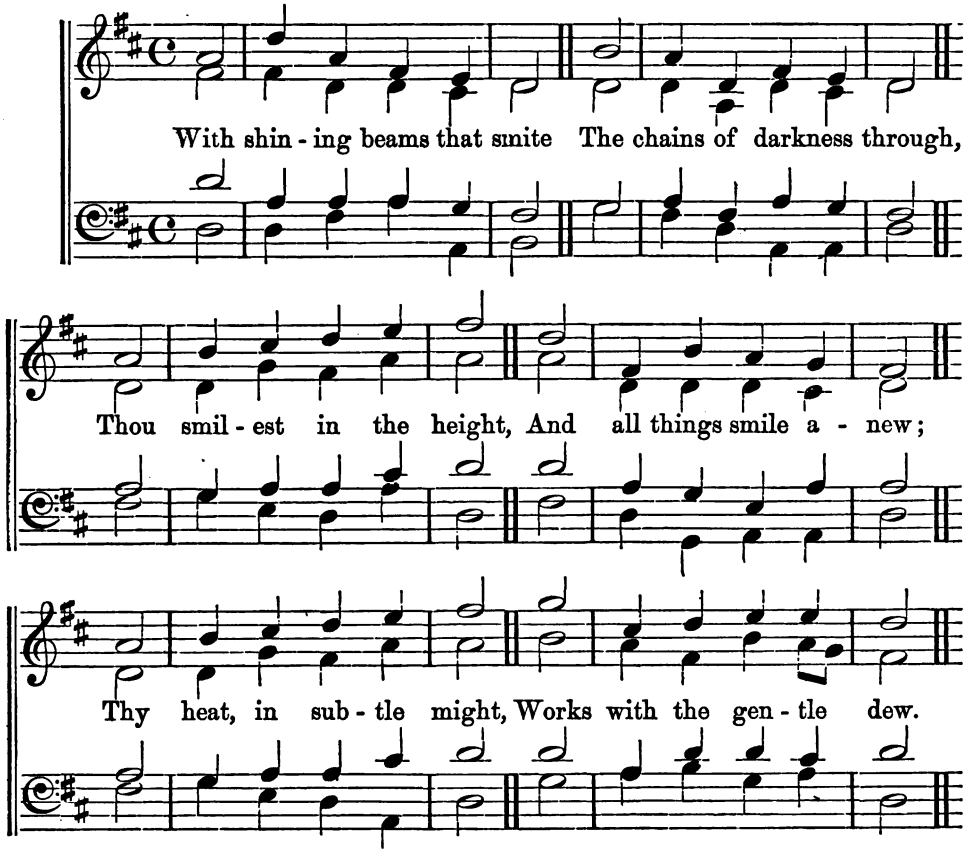
II.

O thou consuming fire,
  Why should I fear thy flame,
Who purpose and desire
  To burn what Thou shalt blame,
Ill weeds, and every brier
  Of folly and of shame?

HYMN 103.

"With feet of burning brass."

VERSES 3, 4.

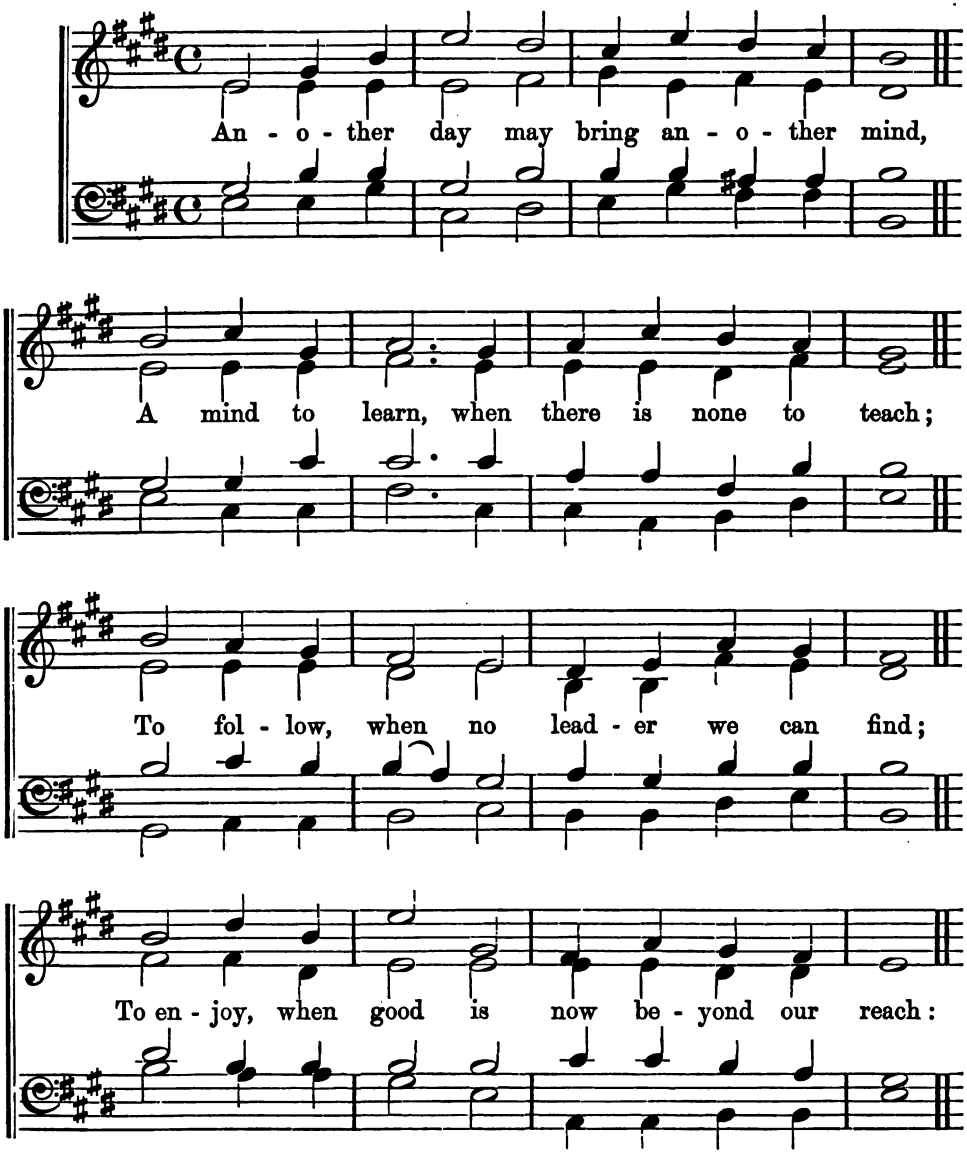


IV.

O Thou creating fire,
I feel thy warmth benign;
My hopes a flowering spire
Arise, unfold, and shine;
And fruits that I desire
Shall soon be mine and Thine.

HYMN 104.

"Another day may bring another mind."



II.

A better mind, but not a better time,
A mind to will, but not a time to do
What had been done, if we in life's bright prime,
When God was ready, had been ready too.

III.

But what the better for his better mind
Were changing man, and God not still the same?
When guide and light and joy we cannot find,
Unchanging love has sent us useful shame.

IV.

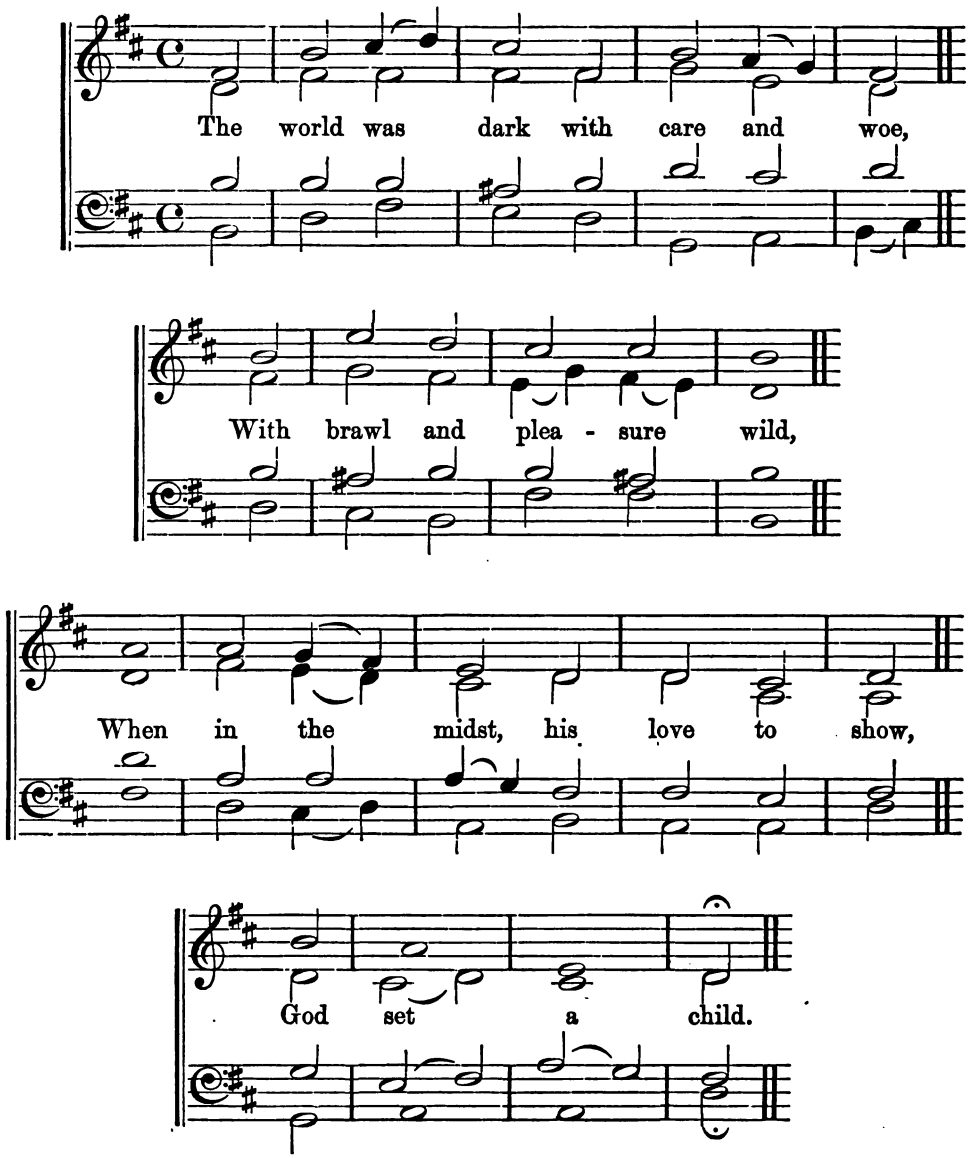
This other mind may bring another day,
For days are given as man for days prepares;
Though many days of grace have passed away,
The grace that gave them still the trifler spares;

V.

And saddens times while Time itself may last,
That unwise man may come to better thought,
Accept his future, and renounce his past,
And be by sorrow into goodness brought.

HYMN 105.

"The world was dark with care and woe."



II.

The sages frowned, their beards they shook,
For pride their heart beguiled;
They said, each looking on his book,
"We want no child."

III.

The merchants turned towards their scales,
Around their wealth lay piled;
Said they, "'Tis gold alone prevails;
We want no child."

IV.

The soldiers rose in noisy sport,
Disdainfully they smiled,
And said, "Can babes the shield support?
We want no child."

V.

The merry sinners laughed or blushed,
Alas, and some reviled;
All cried, as to the dance they rushed,
"We want no child."

VI.

The old, the afflicted, and the poor,
With voices harsh or mild,
Said, "Hope to us returns no more;
We want no child."

VII.

And men of grave and moral word,
With consciences defiled,
Said, "Let the old truth still be heard;
We want no child."

VIII.

Then said the Lord, "O world of care
So blinded and beguiled,
Thou must become for thy repair
A holy child.

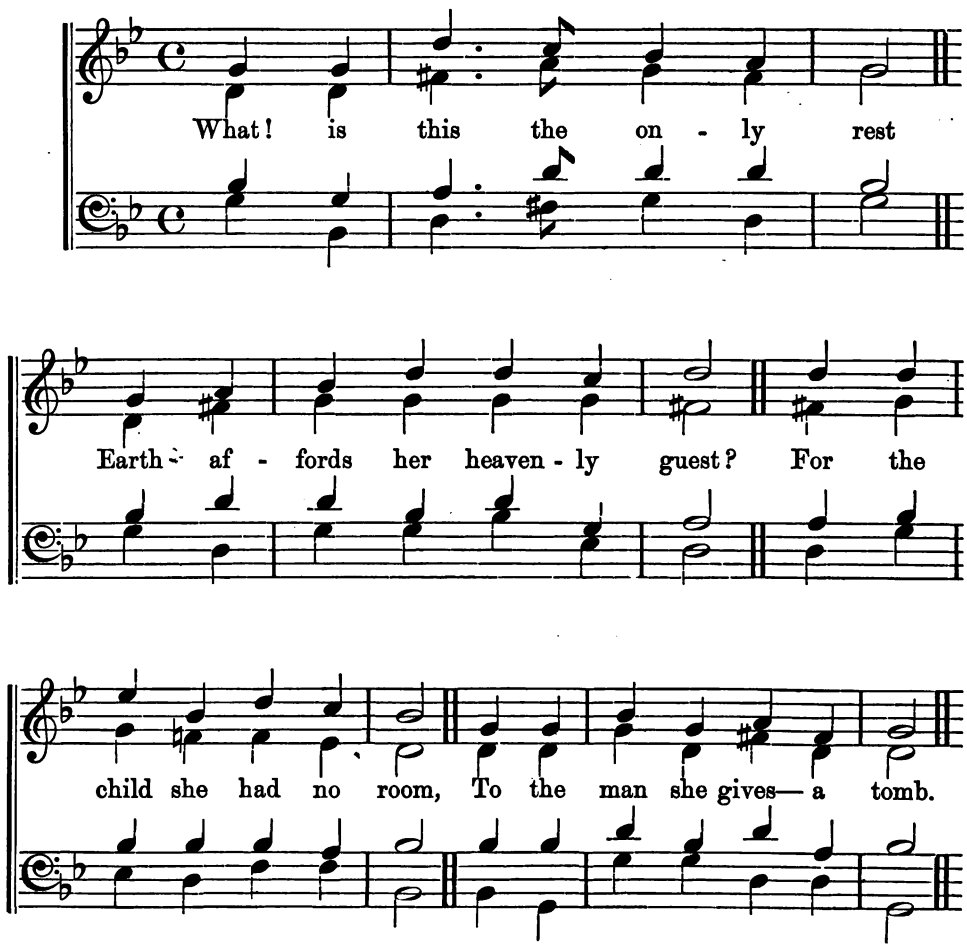
IX.

And unto thee a Son is born,
Thy second hope has smiled;
Thou mayst, though sin and trouble worn,
Be made a child."

HYMN 112.

"What! is this the only rest."

AN EASTER HYMN, IN THREE PARTS.—(Part 1.)



II.

O, Thou weary Man of Love,
Here is stone around, above;
'Tis the dark world's stony heart,
Enter, and fulfil thy part.

III.

Tender linen swathes thee round,
And a napkin soft is bound
O'er thy features sorrow-worn,
And thy brow so sharply torn.

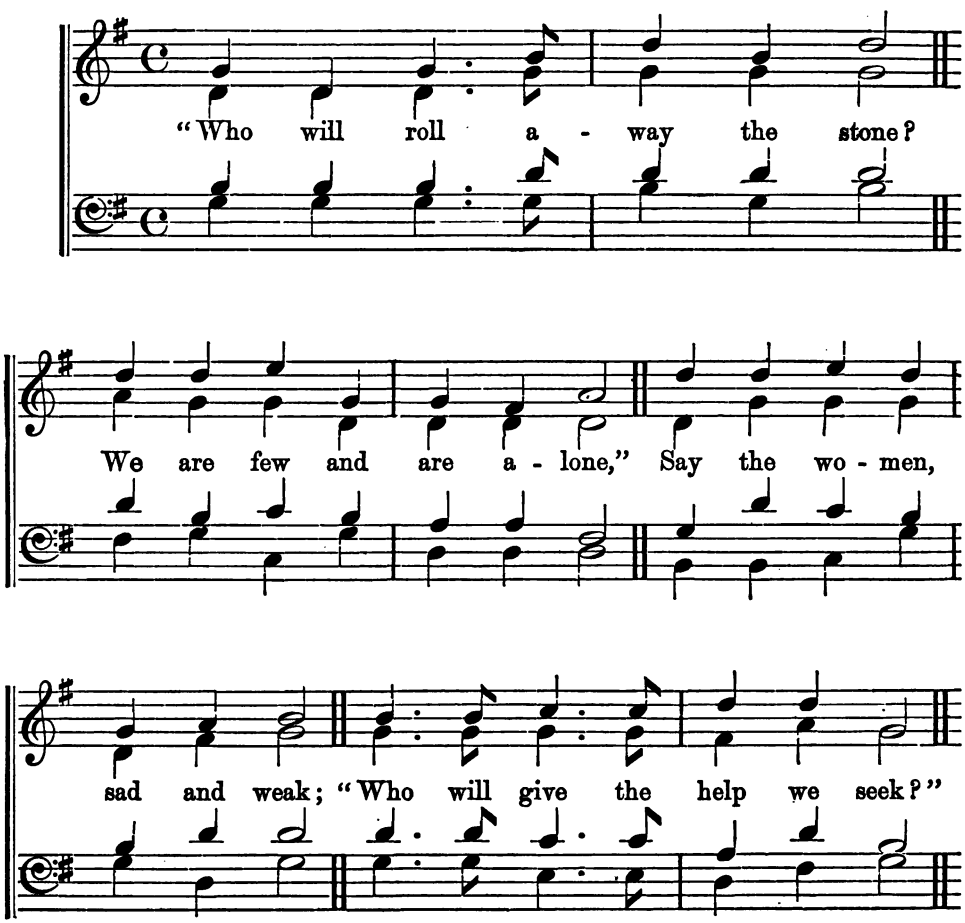
IV.

Such a day deserves its night,
O, sleep on and gather might;
When it pleases Thee to wake,
Tomb and world alike shall shake.

HYMN 113.

"Who will roll away the stone?"

AN EASTER HYMN, IN THREE PARTS.—(Part 2.)



II.

Thus in whispers low they talk,
Sighing on their early walk,
Of the work that has been done
Ere the rising of the sun.

III.

Who will climb into the sky,
Bring redemption from on high?
Who will light the dreary grave,
And the dead and dying save?

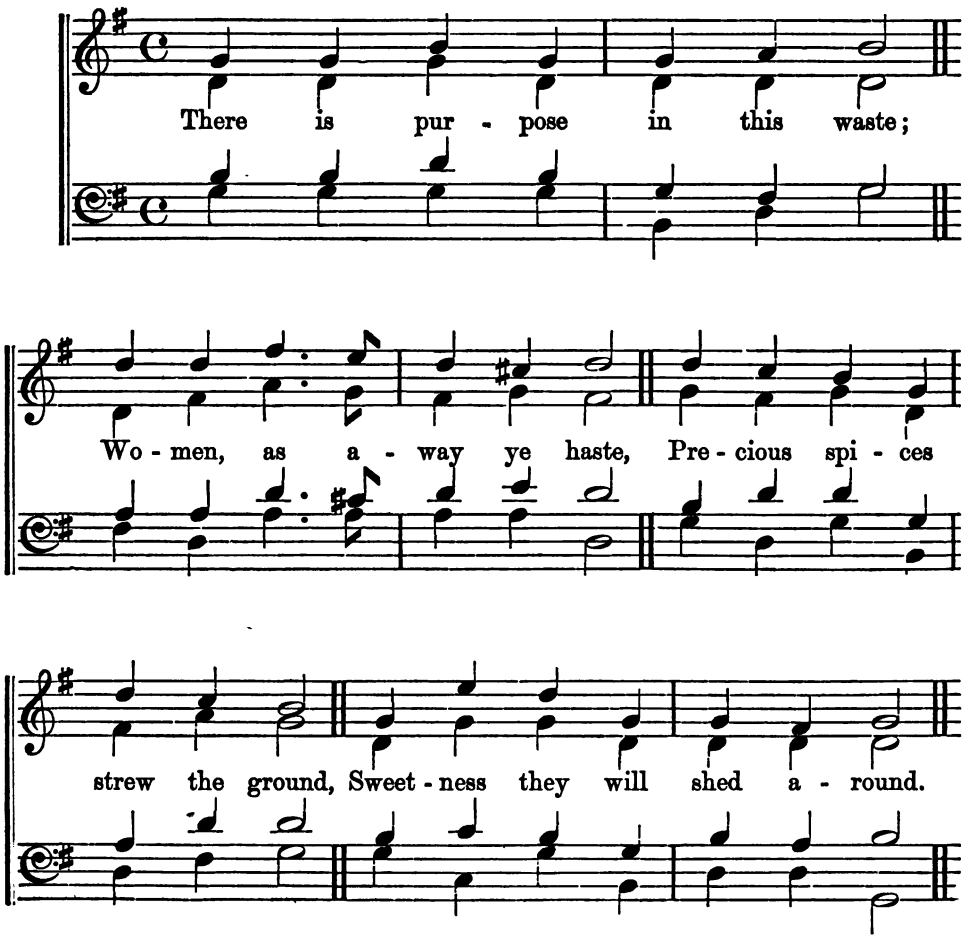
IV.

All is done that thou wouldst do;
All is finished, soul, for you;
Life is born, and death is dead,
Day is shining, night has fled.

HYMN 114.

"There is purpose in this waste."

AN EASTER HYMN, IN THREE PARTS.—(Part 3.)



II.

What ye meant for him, on us
He has now bestowed, and thus
Sunny winds with fragrant breath
Will disperse the scent of death.

III.

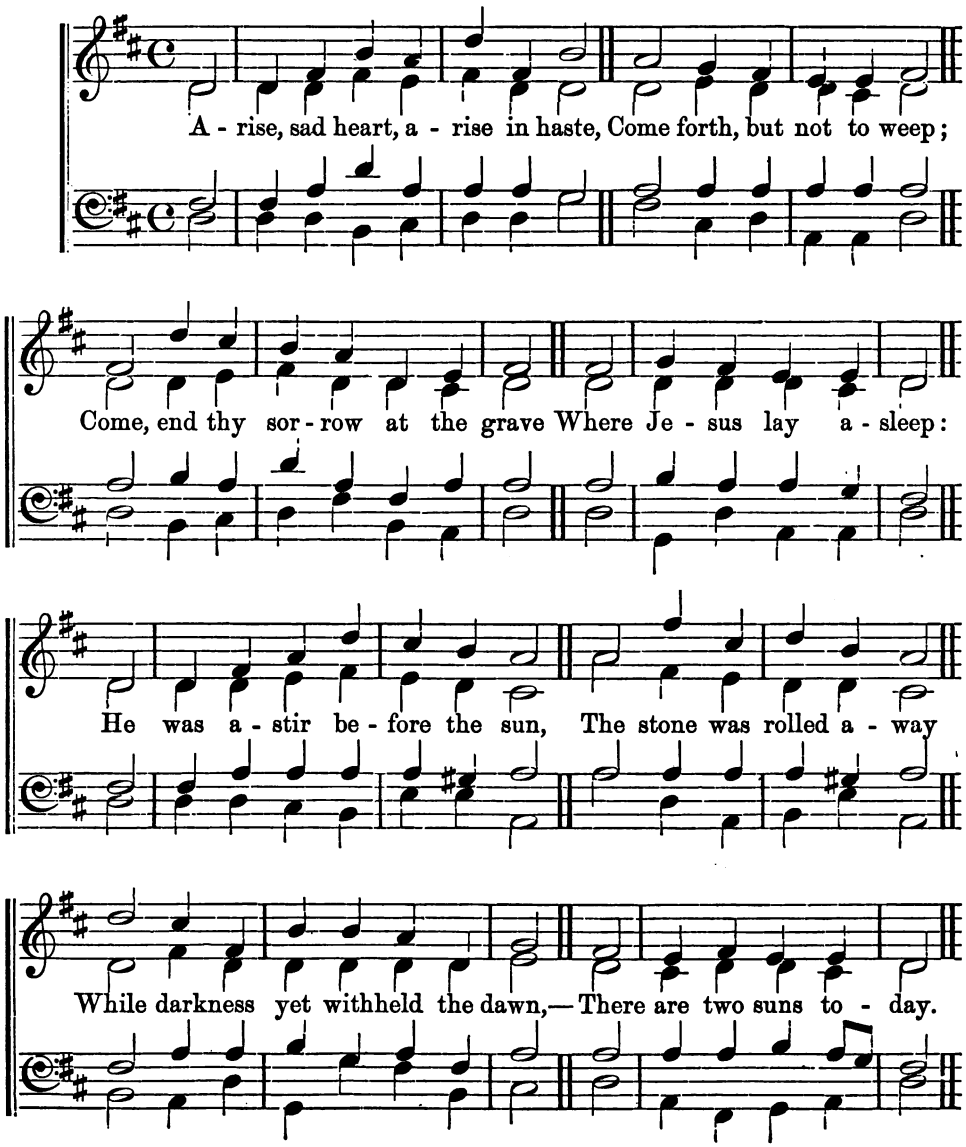
Happy morning, calmly bright,
Never clouds shall dim your light;
Happy garden, kindly free,
All the world may walk in thee.

IV.

Love is freer than the wave,
Love is stronger than the grave,
Love is brighter than the sky,
Love has won the victory.

HYMN 117.

"Arise, sad heart, arise in haste."



II.

His servant, day's familiar lord,
  Shall shine no more in vain;
For He, the everlasting sun,
  In flaming power shall reign.
Rise, feeble heart, come quickly forth,
  Though weary night was long;
Let sorrow now be very glad,
  And weakness very strong.

III.

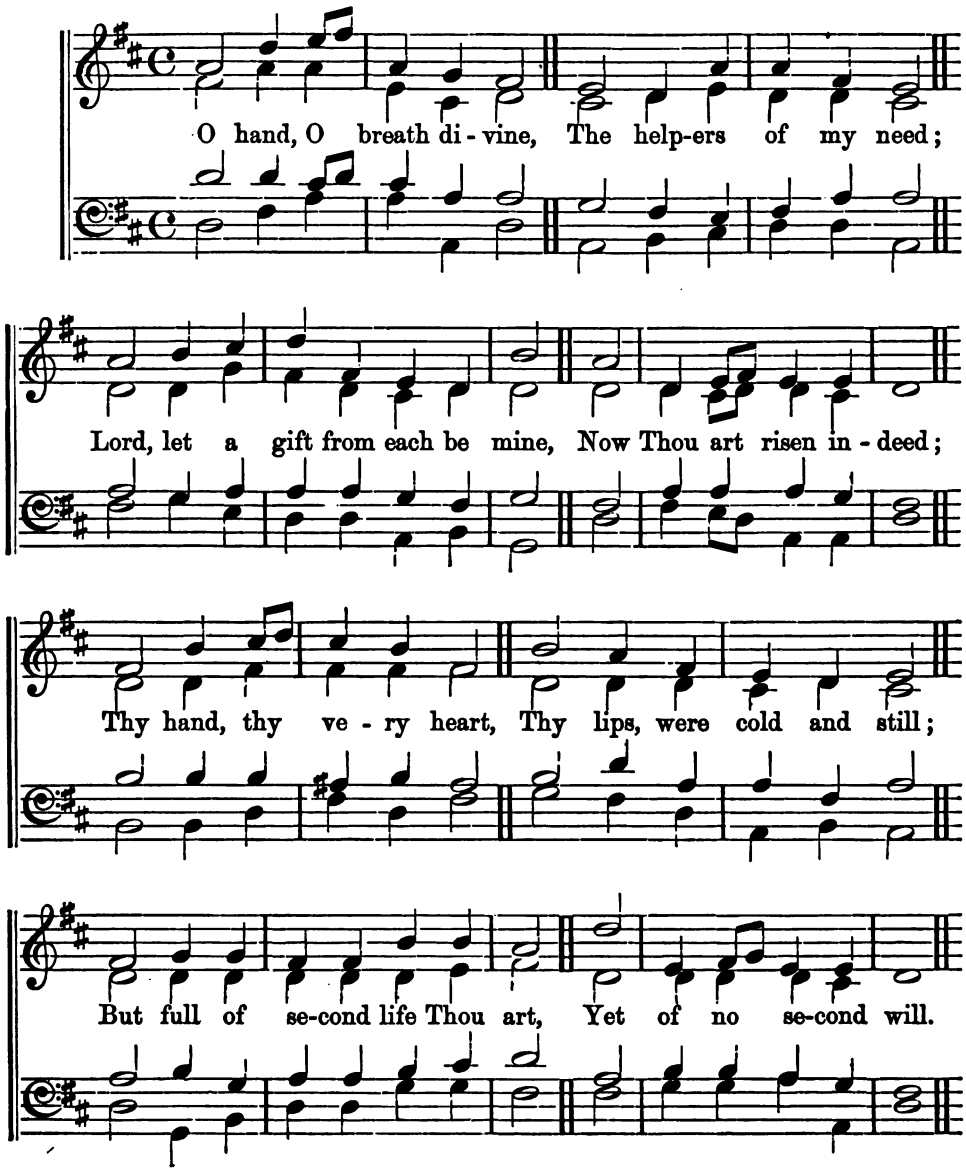
Forget the shudder and the shout,
  The noon with terror black,
That darkly-finished work of woe,—
  The worker has come back;
Himself his finished work, He's here;
  Come, greet the holy light
That flows from sorrow-softened eyes
  With love eternal bright.

IV.

Rise, happy heart, arise in haste,
  And into Eden come,
New Paradise is planted now,
  And He, its beauty's sum,
Its tree of life, its light of life,
  Its river of life, is here;
Come, hallow many happy songs
  With one last happy tear.

HYMN 120.

"O hand, O breath divine."



II.

Thy lips are mild and kind,
  The bitterness of death
Has raised in Thee no vengeful mind,
  Nor kindled fiery breath:
Thou art but Jesus weak
  Become omnipotent,
Almightily to do and speak
  Eternal Love's intent.

III.

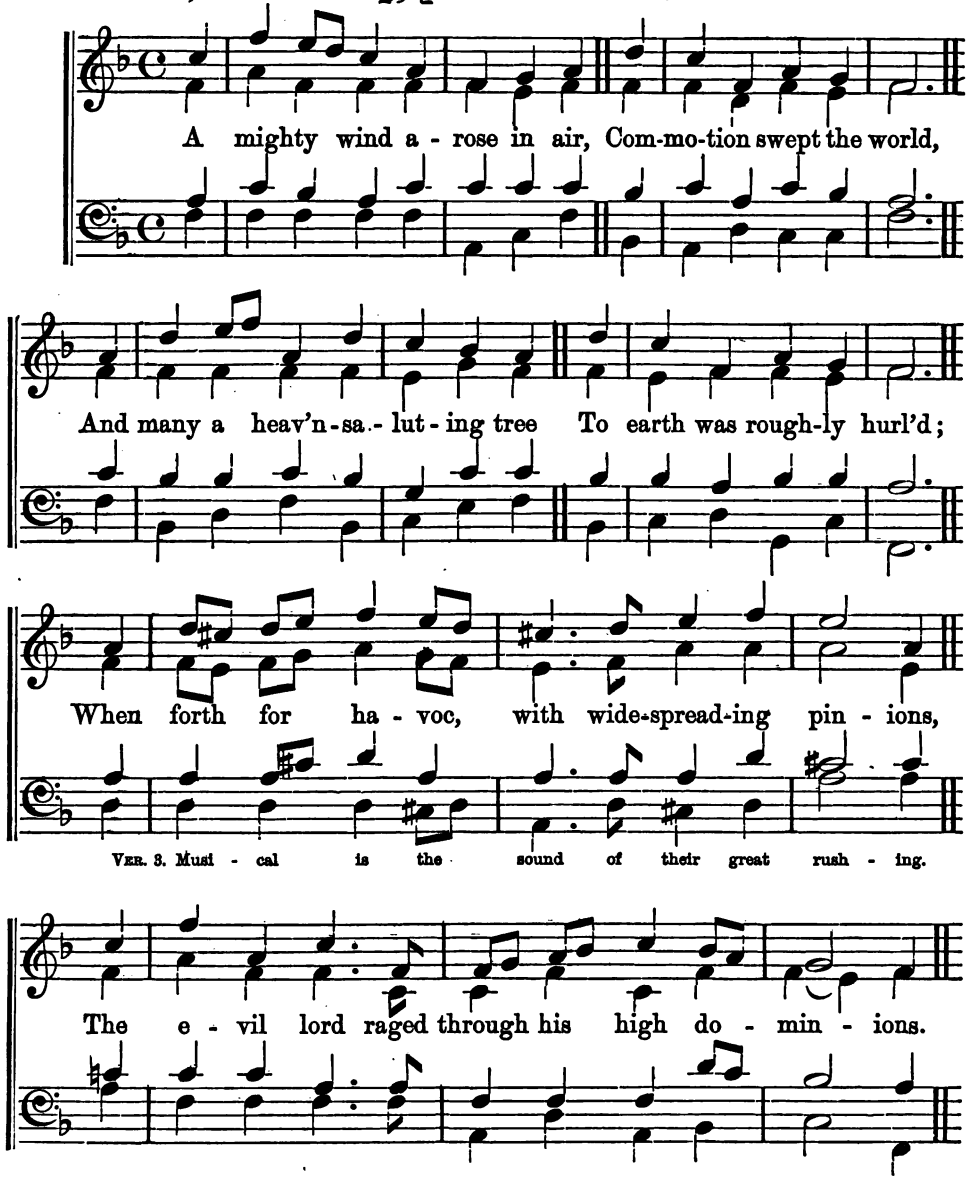
O, hand that bore the reed,
  O, hand that felt the nail;
Humility is strength indeed,
  And patience shall prevail:
O, breath that deeply sighed,
  O, breath that purely prayed;
With lowest comes the highest tide,
  For joy was sorrow made.

IV.

With breath that sighed, inspire;
  With hand once pierced, uphold;
Then, Lord, our courage and desire
  Nor faint shall be nor cold:
All things Thou hast reversed,
  In Thee we rise, not fall;
Thy second life has, through thy first,
  Abolished death for all.

HYMN 125.

"A mighty wind arose in air."



II.

The lord of quarrel and of wrath,
And unsubmissive will,
Who, seeking joy in boisterous change,
Continues joyless still;
But let the mimic lord of hosts aërial
Yield to a Prince with power and right imperial.

III.

Lo, spirit against spirit matched,
The Lord of Peace prevails,
And now the torn and thirsty earth
Is swept with generous gales;
Musical is the sound of their great rushing,
As on they come, away the dull clouds brushing.

IV.

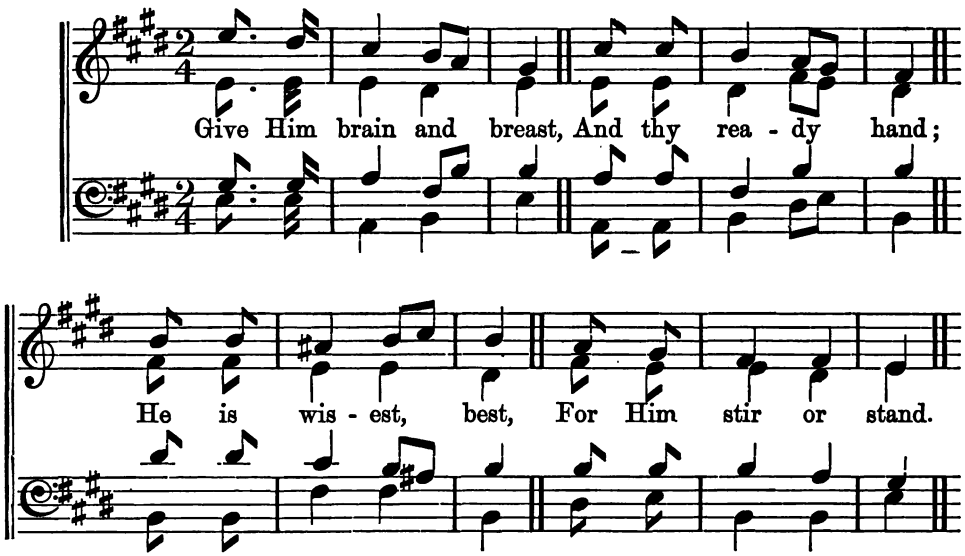
The Lord of brightness and of warmth,
Of fragrance and of dew,
Who having joy in life and growth,
Finds pleasures ever new;
To herbs the earth, and trees the heaven caressing,
Alike He gives his soft and sunny blessing.

V.

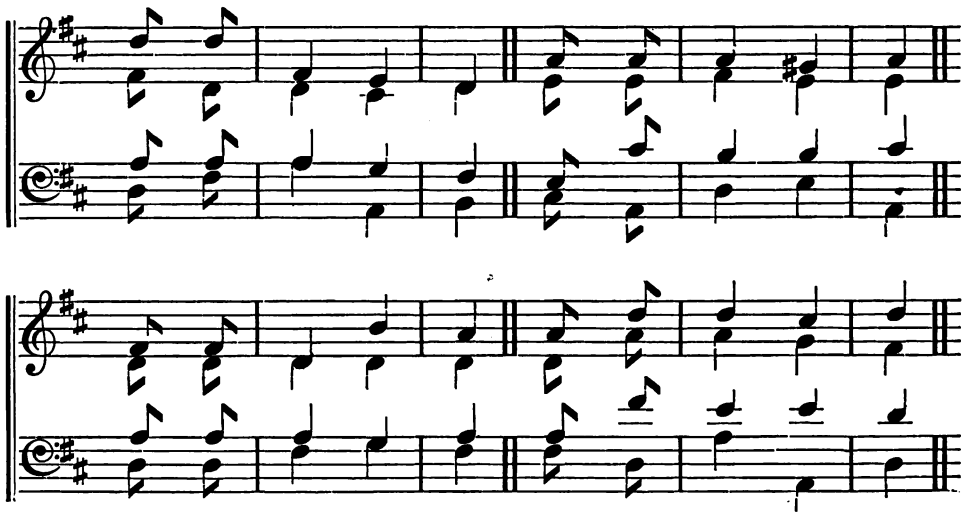
Hail, mightiest and bounteous wind,
Distributor of wealth,
Who giving, comest to confirm
Or to restore our health;
A blessing thou, bright energy diffusing,
For every other blessing's happiest using.

HYMN 134.

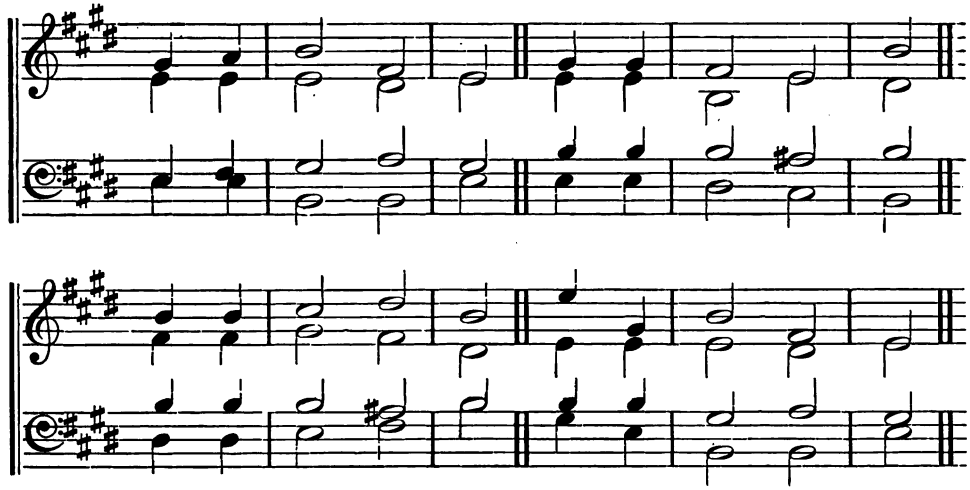
"Give Him brain and breast."—(Tune 1.)



(Tune 2.)



"Give Him brain and breast."—(Tune 3.)



II.

Give the day and night,
For Him, trusting, stay;
His arising light
Show thee will thy way.

III.

Give thyself and thine,
Life and livelihood,
Still thy less resign
For his greater good.

IV.

Silence give, or word,
As his need may ask;
Oftener seen than heard,
Toil thou at thy task.

V.

Give Him cup and plate,
Fill them with thy best;
Say not, "It is late;
Trouble not my rest."

VI.

Grudge Him not his day,
In thy spirit search—
Shouldst thou be away
From thy place at church?

VII.

See Him in the street,
Serve Him in the shop,
Sow with Him thy wheat,
House for Him thy crop.

VIII.

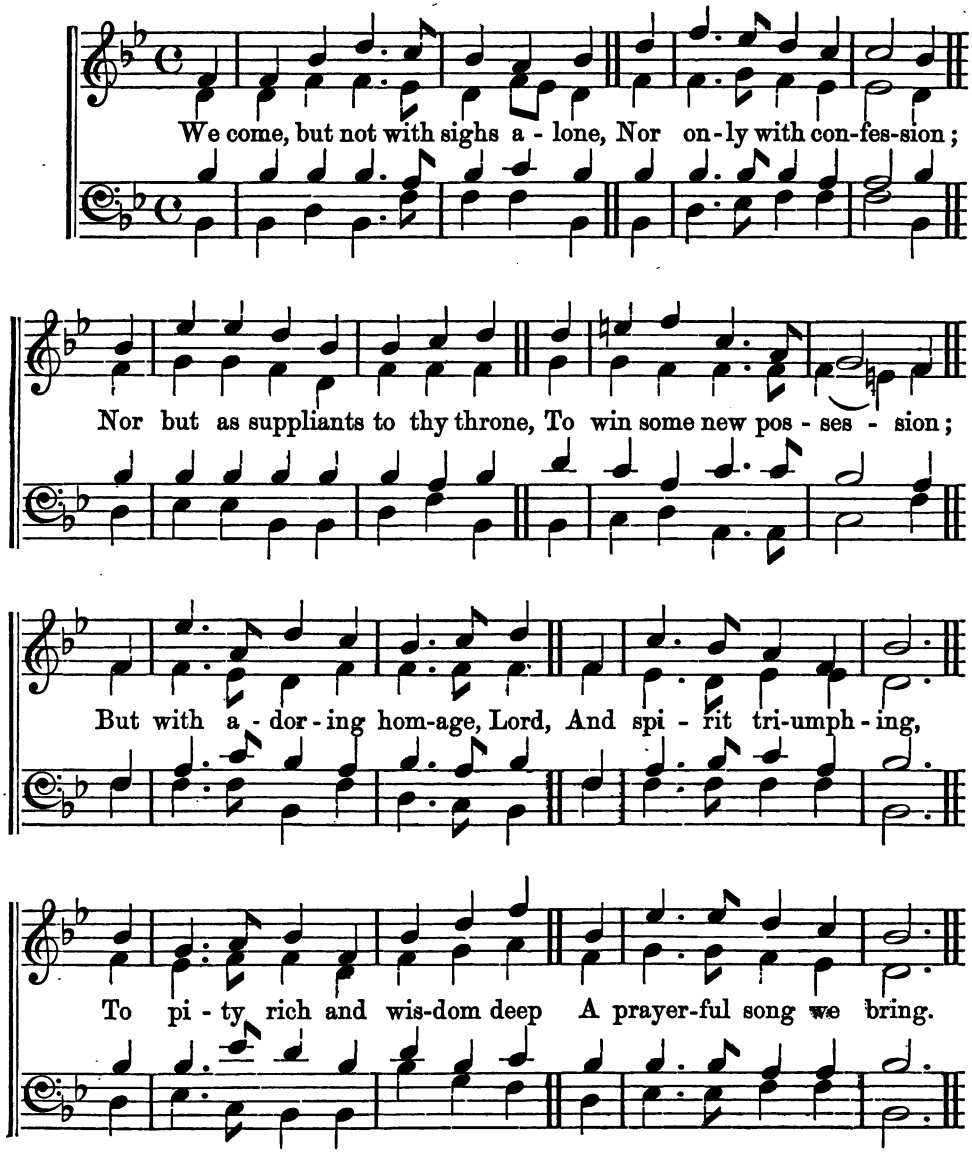
Sail with Him at sea,
Work with Him on land;
Tell Him faithfully
All that thou hast planned.

IX.

Love and learn Him more
As the common friend;
Joys thou thus shalt store
For the happy end.

HYMN 140.

"We come, but not with sighs alone."—(Tune 1.)



II.

To Thee, sweet mercy's ancient fount,
We now come interceding,
For spirits more than we can count,
Who mercy's help are needing;
No love of men for man with Thine
For all men can compare;
And vast and varied as the world,
So large shall be our prayer.

III.

We pray for glad men and for grieved,
That, one another knowing,
The sorrowful may be relieved,
The happy happier growing;
For men who wander and who rest,
That, venturing from home,
The brave may find and rescue those
That in the deserts roam.

IV.

For people who on beds of pain,
Or on the waves, are tossing,
That they their home or heaven may gain
The seas or river crossing;
For cottagers, who, mid the corn,
Have still but scanty store;
And those who toil in wealthy towns,
And yet continue poor.

V.

For men of less or larger trade,
The ship's or shoulder's burden,
That trust and love and coin be made
For them a triple guerdon;
We pray for rulers and the ruled,
For teachers and the taught;
For all who weave the triple cord
Of art and truth and thought.

VI.

For busy men of all pursuits,
All colours and conditions,
That thorny cares may yield sweet fruits,
And comforts be physicians;
For all who are for freedom bound,
For all who get to give,
Or suffer wrong to strengthen right,
And die that men may live.

VII.

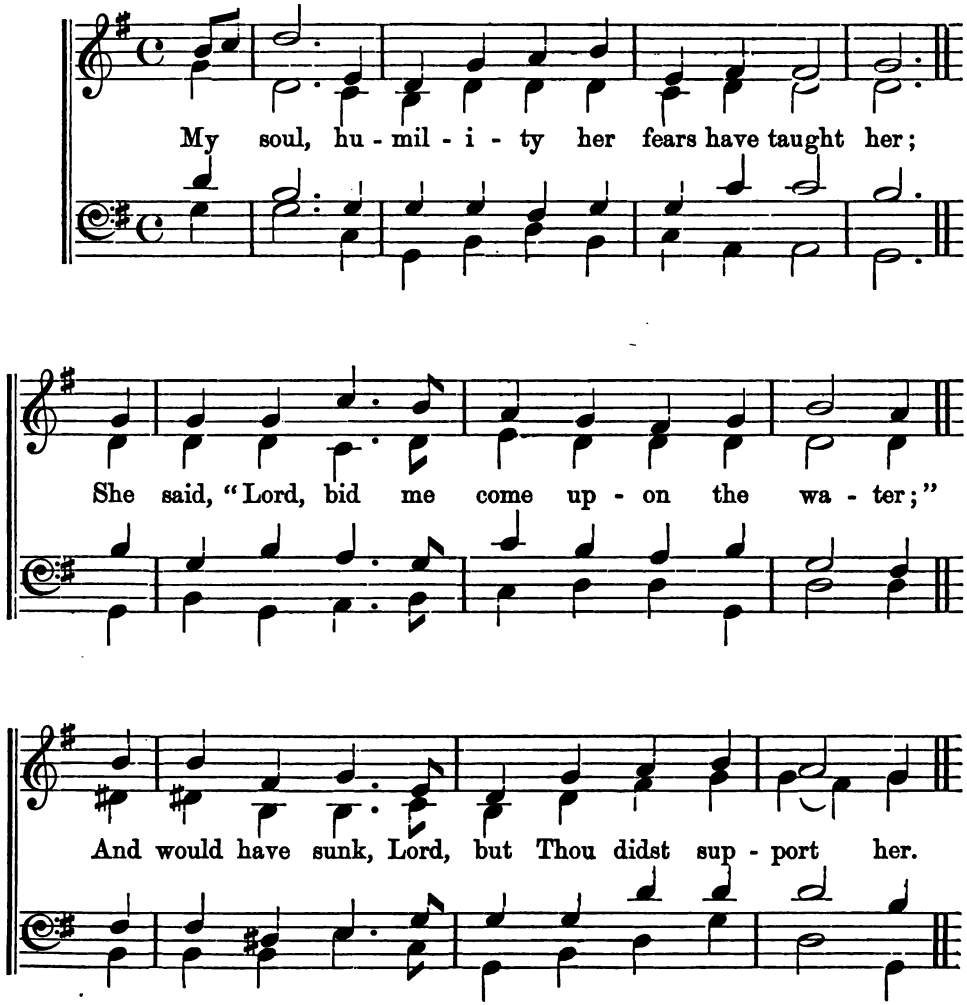
For those who, having erred and sinned,
Are maddened with their trouble,
And think the truth a fickle wind,
The solid world a bubble;
Who call eternal life a guess,
The gospel but a tale;—
That hope may blossom in the dust,
And penitence prevail.

VIII.

For those whose breath is now a sigh,
Whose love with pains is smarting;
For those who soothe the infant's cry,
Or watch old age departing;
To Thee an ever-widening prayer
Adoringly we bring,
That strength from weakness, joy from pain,
And wealth from want may spring.

Hymn 145.

"My soul, humility her fears have taught her."



II.

For, O, the wild-faced waves her path surrounding,
Leaped at her, all with wrathful voices sounding;
She failed, she cried, her terrors were confounding.

III.

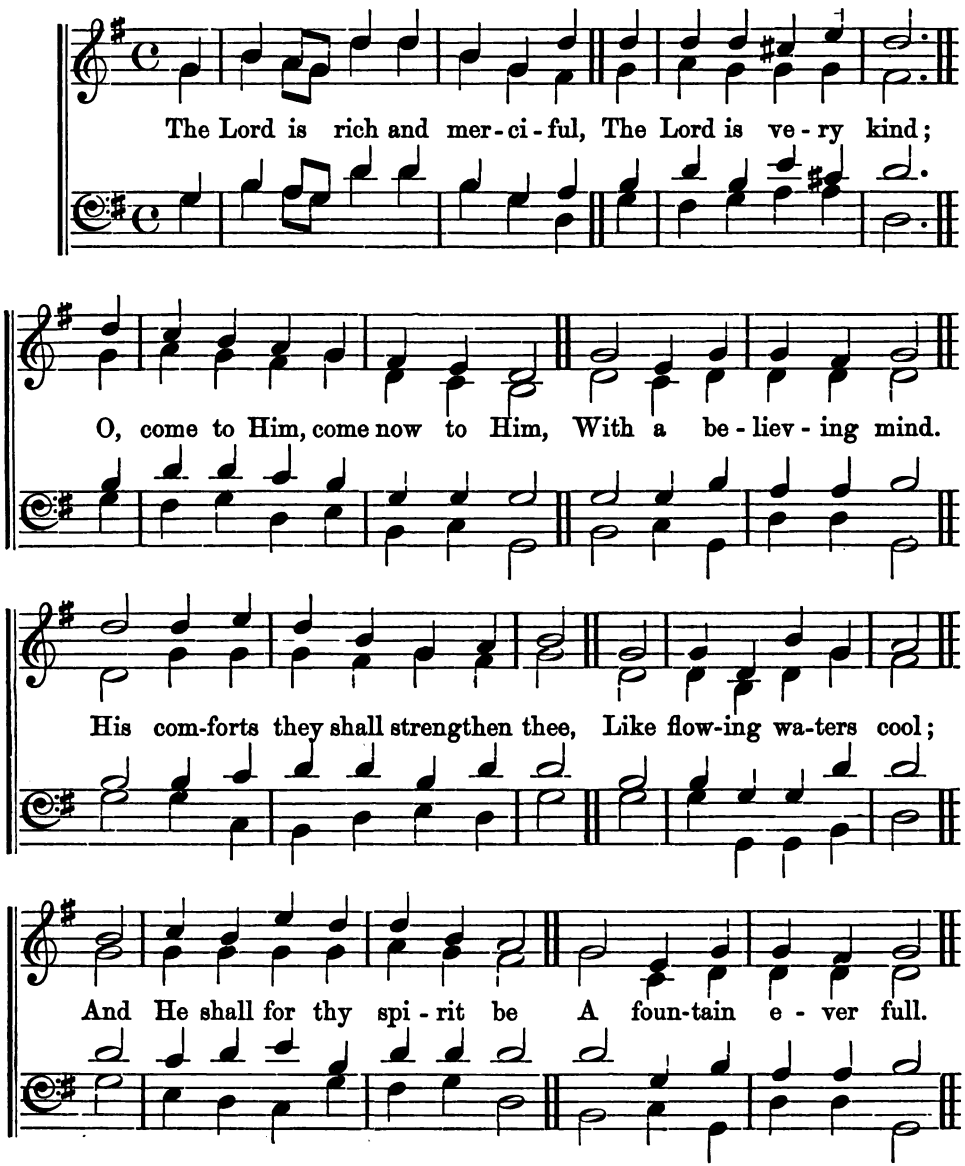
But thy great love her little faith not scorning,
Made shame but as a dream, her pride for warning;
Then bade the dream begone, and it was morning.

IV.

To quell the waves! such task Thou didst not set her;
To toil on them, and trust, for her is better;
And in her perils Thou wilt not forget her.

HYMN 147.

"The Lord is rich and merciful."



II.

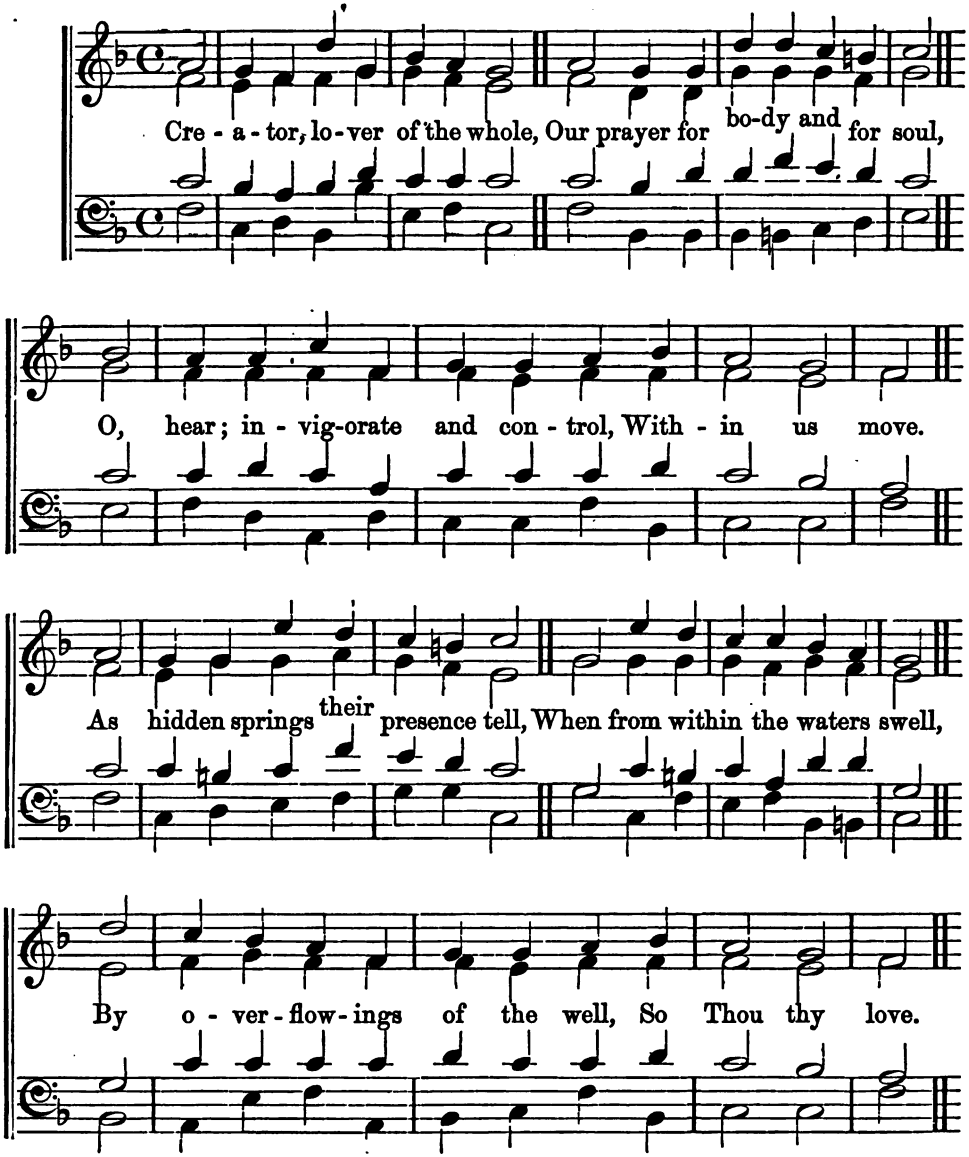
The Lord is glorious and strong,
  Our God is very high;
O, trust in Him, trust now in Him,
  And have security.
He shall be to thee like the sea,
  And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthily,
  Thy sicknesses to heal.

III.

The Lord is wonderful and wise,
  As all the ages tell;
O, learn of Him, learn now of Him,
  Then with thee it is well.
And with his light thou shalt be blest,
  Therein to work and live;
And He shall be to thee a rest
  When evening hours arrive.

HYMN 149.

"Creator, lover of the whole."



II.

The lark ascends on wing so strong,
He carols in the heavens long,
Then touches earth, and ends his song,
Fresh for his care.
And so to Thee we singing rise
And overflow in melodies;
Then downward come refreshed and wise,
To work and bear.

III.

For us the powerful morning rose,
For us the solemn sunset glows
How soon! then darkening heavens disclose
Their starry wealth.
O, for a heart to sing and serve,
A will that not again would swerve;
O, for the thrilling, steadfast nerve
Of perfect health!

IV.

To study and possess the earth
Is ours by privilege of birth;
And ours to find the hidden worth
Of nature's store.
Ours too the sinew and the limb
To climb the height, the depth to swim;
For all we thank Thee in our hymn,
Yet ask for more.

V.

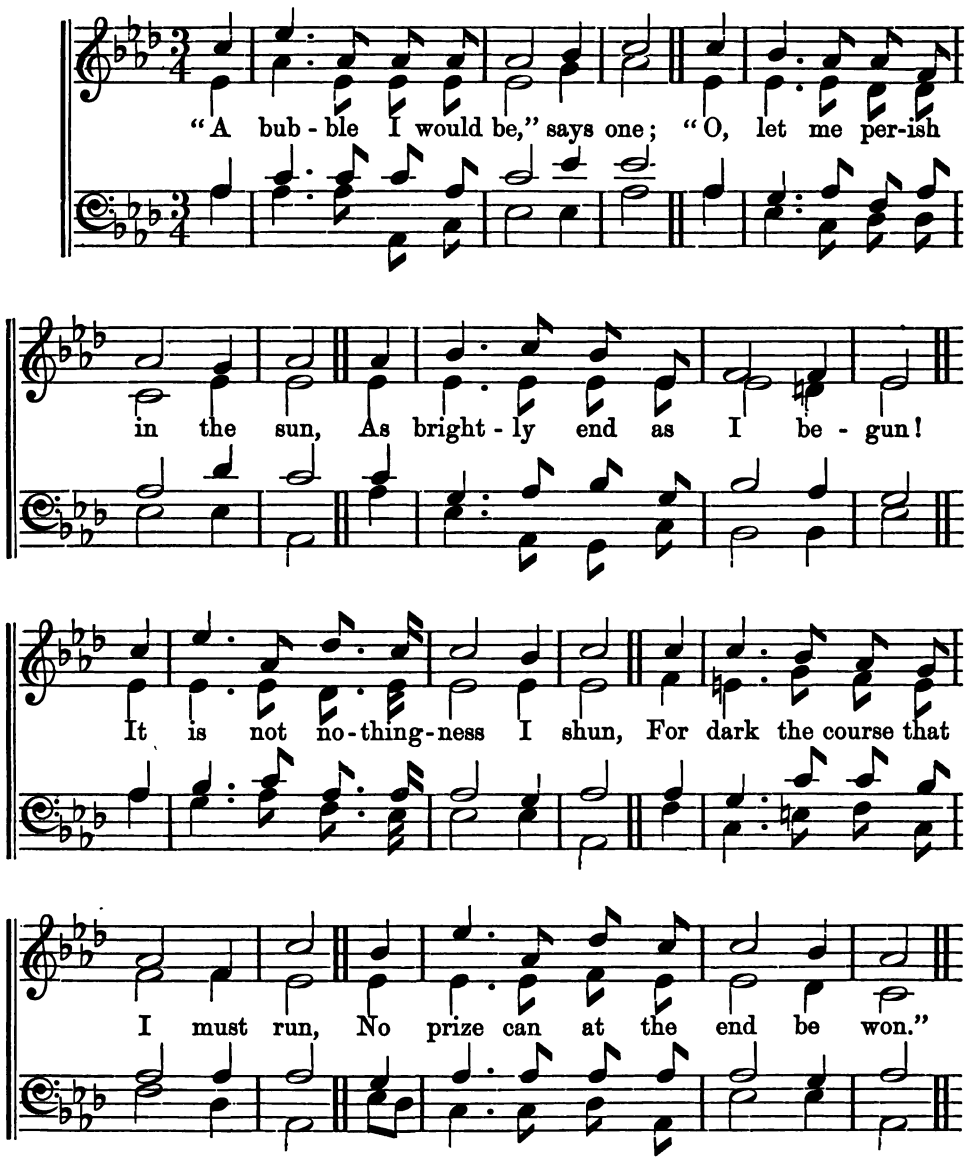
O heavenly Lord, whose mercy can,
By power and prudence of thy plan,
Both slay the sins and save the man,
So wise thy way;
Now give us of his heart and powers
Who chose the thorn, yet loved the flowers,
And filled for us the twelve sad hours
Of his great day.

VI.

Ours be the love by which He wept
For others' grief, yet onward kept;
Nor quailed upon the way, nor slept,
To his dark cross.
Then on the highway, in the mart,
While still we bear a brother's part,
We shall compute with heavenly art
Our gain and loss.

HYMN 157.

"A bubble I would be."



II.

And why, O doubting soul and sad,
May any one but thou be glad?
And why by thee no prize be had?
One is there, O how brightly clad!
Dark was his way, is thine as bad?
Let not much sorrow make thee mad.

III.

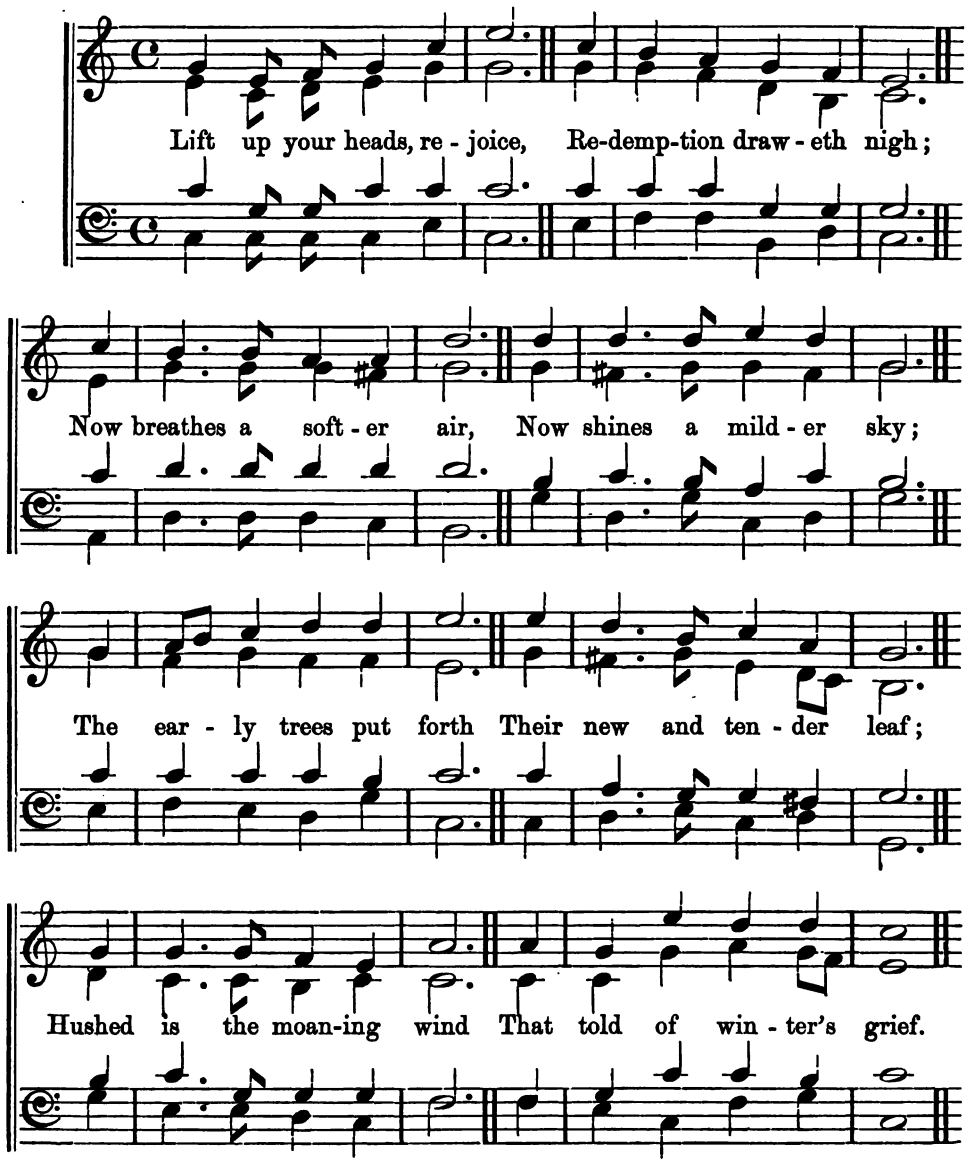
Within the egg how darkly lies
Even the bird of paradise,
Predestined for the sunniest skies!
Yet forth it comes, away it flies,
How brightly, swiftly will it rise,
Its happy life the parents' prize!

IV.

Bubble and egg to teach combine:
To be a bubble wilt thou pine?
The breaking egg—be that thy sign:
Thou shalt begin, not cease, to shine;
Over thee broods the love divine;
Thou art its prize, and it is thine.

HYMN 162.

"Lift up your heads, rejoice."



II.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
  Redemption draweth nigh;
Now mount the laden clouds,
  Now flames the darkening sky;
The early scattered drops
  Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
  The hidden thunders call.

III.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
  Redemption draweth nigh;
O, note the varying signs
  Of earth, and air, and sky;
The God of glory comes
  In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
  To succour and to smite.

IV.

He comes the wide world's king,
  He comes the true heart's friend,
New gladness to begin,
  And ancient wrong to end;
He comes to fill with light
  The weary, waiting eye:
Lift up your heads, rejoice,
  Redemption draweth nigh.

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